

THE DINKY BIRD.

In an ocean far out yonder, As all sapient people know, Is the land of wonder...

There the gumpies grow like cherries, And taffy's thick as peas; Carameles you pick like berries...

So when children shout and scamper, And make merry all the day, When there's aught to put a damper...

For the dinky bird's bravura, And sauciness as a rule, He rambles where and how you please...

A bet was recently made by two French gourmands, one of whom asserted that he could detect the component parts of any dish put before him...

It is old white kid gloves, is the cool explanation when the bet is resigned as lost.—London Tit-Bits.

My medical friend explains: As the muscular power that extends or flexes a finger is at a distance from the part moved, so the excitement to tears is from an irritation in a distant nervous center...

Her Disappointment. A friend of mine asked me to join her theater party one night last week. I thought she was a little out of temper during the first act, but when the curtain went down she explained thuswise:

"When Ned got the box, he said it was on the right hand as we entered." "Why, what possible difference does it make," I asked. "We can see every part of the stage."

The greatest whirlpool is the maelstrom of the Norway coast. It is an eddy between the mainland and an island, and when the current is in one direction and the wind in another no ship can withstand the fury of the waves.

The rate of wind varies from five miles an hour—a light breeze—to 80 or 100 miles an hour—a hurricane. From 30 to 40 miles an hour is reckoned a high wind or gale.

A vegetable curiosity is owned by a resident of Wenatchee, Wash. It consists, it is claimed, of a network of large potatoes grown upon one another.

There are people in the interior districts of Japan who have never tasted animal food and who look with horror on the eating of such a diet.

Persons writing love poems will please make a note that 'stupid' is the only word in the English language which rhymes with Cupid.

THE BOYS HAD SPOTTED HIM.

He Was Taken For a Railway Spy and Treated Like a King. "Several months ago," said Max Schener, a New York commercial traveler...

"The conductor happened to see a symbolic fraternity badge on my watch chain and immediately gave me the sign of recognition. 'See here, old man,' he remarked. 'I know you don't want to get me into trouble. My orders are to have all mileage signed. Now, oblige me, won't you?'"

"Of course I would and did. An hour or so later he came back and had a chat with me. 'You acted like a spotter,' he said. 'I imagined when you made your kick that you were doing it simply to test me. That's why I insisted on your strict compliance with all our rules. I'll wager anything that porter over there believes you are a railway detective now.'"

"For the next month following this incident I traveled a great deal—almost constantly—and was completely untroubled by the remarkably polite attentions showered upon me by train hands everywhere.

"One day I fell into conversation with an old railroader on the train near Nashville and chanced to mention the remarkable change in treatment I had recently experienced. 'The boys have spotted you,' he said positively.

"But how in the world can they do that? How do they know where I'm going? I use two or three different lines in a day sometimes."

"For answer he stooped over and took a look at my shoes. 'Just as I imagined,' he continued. 'You have been spotted. If you will examine your left shoe, in the hollow just below the ball of the foot, you will notice three little crosses. They were made by a common pin scratch, and every railway porter in America knows just what they mean. Change your shoes, and you will notice a change in your treatment, I guess.'"

"Well, when I bought the next pair of shoes, the first thing I did after paying for them was to put three tiny crosses on the inside of the hollow of the left shoe. I've been treated like a king by the railway boys everywhere."—Chicago Dispatch.

How She Writes Stories. Perhaps some young writers would like to know how I make my stories, so I will tell them. First, I take a few sheets of paper and write at the head of one, "Synopsis of novel," on another page, "Characters," with description of form and disposition opposite each; on another page, "Act I," which will contain at least two scenes. I divide the entire synopsis thus into about five acts, with at least two scenes apiece. The whole story will contain three "situations," as I call them, one to open, or rather end the first scenes; one in the middle, one at the end.

All these I describe accurately and then fill in the whole. I have been an amateur actress for years and find this an easy way of writing. I never introduce any character that does not have something to do with the plot, if but to make a background for a set scene. This plan will save a waste of words and make a more readable article.—Kate Lee Ferguson in Writer.

The Great Bed of Ware. The most gigantic as well as the most valuable and elaborate article of bedroom furniture in the world is "the great bed of Ware," a relic of ancient times, recently sold to an antiquarian at Hartford, England. "The Book of Days" says that it is believed to be not older than Elizabeth's reign (born 1533, died 1609), but another valuable reference work, "The World's Great Nations," says that the bed bears the date of 1463. Be this as it may, it is a curiosity as well as a relic. It is a square of 10 feet 9 inches and is 7 feet 6 inches high. It is very elegantly carved and cost not less than £500. Shakespeare mentions "the bed of Ware." See "Twelfth Night," act 3, scene 2.—St. Louis Republic.

Amy Punishments. Crime in the army is punished on a scale 10 times more severe than anything known in civil life. The most trumpery offenses against discipline—a momentary ebullition of temper or a casual indiscretion in the matter of drink—are almost every day involving men in loss of rank and permanent disadvantage in their profession, more often than not accompanied by short terms of imprisonment.

Why He Remained. It was getting late, but Algernon Charles had not his watch with him. There was a clock on the mantle, but it was out of the range of his vision. "What time is it by that clock, Miss Bell-field?" he asked. "I can't see it distinctly."

"Oh, that clock doesn't go," replied the maiden. "Doesn't it? Then I won't either." And he stood 1 hour and 15 minutes longer, estimated time.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE CAUSE OF SEASICKNESS.

Beginning in Three Aural Tubes, It Eventually Reaches the Stomach. Seasickness starts in the ear. In its cavity are three small tubes, each bent in a circle and filled with fluid. The three sit at right angles to each other, like the three sides at the corner of a room or a box. Consequently in whatever direction the head is moved the fluid in some one of the tubes is given a circular motion.

When the head moves, the fluid moves, the hairs move, the cells are "fired off," a nervous current is sent up to the brain and a feeling of the head's peculiar motion is consequent. As for seasickness, this nerve current on its way to the brain at one point runs beside the spot or "center" where the nerve governing the stomach has its origin. When the rocking of the head is abnormally violent and prolonged, the stimulus is so great that the current leaks over into this adjoining "center" and so excites the nerve running to the stomach as to cause wretchedness and retching.

Deaf notes, whose ear "canals" are affected, are never seasick. But normally the amount of ear feeling which we get by reason of moving our head in a particular direction comes in a curious way to be a measure of the direction of sound. The feelings we get from our skin and muscles in turning the head play a similar role. We turn our ear to catch a sound. We do this so frequently for every point that in time we learn to judge the direction of the sound by the way we would have to turn the head in order to hear it.

Lord Rosbury, while making a speech at Leeds, was interrupted by a Scottish reporter in a combative way. The building in which the demonstration was held was packed to suffocation. At the reporter's table sat a reporter of the old school of journalists. He is a member of the pillars and gas pipes of the building and at length began to trickle down.

Lord Rosbury was very edified as he approached his preparation, and the meeting sat hushed in deep attention. All at once a drop of moisture came down from the glass roof and fell with a splash on to the bald head of the reporter.

"What's that splutter?" loudly demanded the pressman, with an indignant northern accent, whereupon the audience burst into such a roar of laughter that it was some time before the noble lord was able to proceed.—London Tit-Bits.

The Thrift of Good Spending. If you would live long and prosper, cultivate a few good habits. It is to say, let not your money go to waste. Expense knows no economy at your financial consistencies. Part as cheerfully with your dollars as you greet them, and never by any means be of those mistaken souls who grudge the most necessary spending. Otherwise they would feel reprehensibly prodigal. The thrift of good spending is utterly beyond them.

Good spending does not imply lavishness. Indeed it is strictly opposed to the useless frittering away of hard cash. Neither does it mean the keen bargaining, the rousing calculation, that in many minds stand for economy. Always that money is best spent which brings the largest returns, whether of comfort, luxury, the desire of the eye or the pride of life.—Exchange.

A Mania For Calendars. We have seen it mentioned that an eminent jurist, who has lately passed away, had a great mania for collecting and storing up a copy of every calendar heard of. No matter to him what nostrums were in connection advertised, whenever a page revealed the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon it immediately settled the question of purchase and ownership, and it is added that piles and piles of them, limitless in variety, were found among his treasured things. It has been estimated that this collection by an American gentleman may be regarded as the most extensive of its kind known.—Harper's Bazar.

A Circuit Clock. The General Electric company of Berlin, it is said, proposes to adopt a new clock, which may be placed in circuit like an ordinary incandescent lamp. This clock, it is claimed, solves the problem of providing an inexpensive, yet effective, system of electric control of clocks. The current keeps the clocks wound at an annual cost of about 10 cents. Should the circuit be broken, the clock will run without the current for about 12 hours. The regulation can be performed by hand from the dynamo room or automatically from an observatory.—Chicago Herald.

The Debut of Two Senators. The events which preceded this episode were interesting. In the first place, Senator Vest, for the Finance Committee, reported an amendment reducing the limit of exemption from \$4,000 to \$3,000, a step which Mr. Hill as his own remarks show, regards as something in the nature of a victory for him. The debate also gave an opportunity for the debut of two of the new Senators, Mr. Patton of Michigan, and Mr. Jarvis of North Carolina. Mr. Patton, who is a comparatively young man, of quiet address, read a speech which touched generally upon the tariff question. He made no attempt to display any graces of oratory or rhetoric, but was listened to with close attention by Senators on the Republican side as he proceeded with his logical and forcible remarks. Senator Jarvis, on the other hand, being a typical Southerner, with command of all the arts with which the orators of that section are so generally and thoroughly equipped, made quite a triumphant debut. Tall, of fine presence, and with a resonant voice and splendid delivery, he soon compelled the attention of the entire Senate, and his remarks were frequently applauded by the auditors in the galleries. Mr. Patton opposed the income tax, while Mr. Jarvis favored it. The North Carolinian, whose witty remark about Senator Gorman's speech, by the way, first gave an intimation of his keen sense of humor, caused a laugh by saying at the very beginning of his address that while poets and patriots had sung since the days of Horace that it was sweet to die for one's country, no one had ever said that it was sweet to be taxed for one's country. Then, laying down the principle that money had to be obtained somewhere for the support of the government, he twitted Mr. Sherman with saying that it ought to be raised from sugar; the New England Senators with wanting to put the burden on manufactured goods and the Senators from New York with selecting collars and cuffs that the poor people wear.

Some of the sentences which elicited the greatest applause from the galleries were. In imposing the burdens of taxation the heaviest portions should be put upon those best able to bear them and the lightest on those least able to bear them.

If the Democratic party has no higher mission than to bow at the footstool and worship at the shrine of the accumulated wealth of the country, the sooner it dies the better. Instead of this bill sounding the deathknell, I believe that it is the first step onward to a higher prosperity and a most glorious career for the Democratic party. And if it will only have the courage to move forward on the lines that have been selected, I believe that instead of our Republican friends in 1897 seeing a Republican President inaugurated, the standard of Democracy will be advanced still higher, and our banner will again fall over the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the White House.

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JUDGE WALTER CLARK USES AND ENDORSES THE Electropoise TRADE MARK. Cures when all else fails. Investigation Invited. BOOK FREE. Electrolibration Co., 345 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

and among the newspapers were found many dozens of pairs of kid gloves which were being smuggled into this country. A few of these now hang behind glass doors in the museum as a warning to the dishonest. The collection of coins would make the eyes of a collector glisten. The patriarch of the tribe is so old—so many hundred years old—that it would be hazardous to state his exact age, but he began somewhere B. C.—Patti Lyle Collins, in St. Nicholas.

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MURPHY BRANCH. Lv Asheville 10:00 a.m., Waynesville 11:15 a.m., Bryson City 12:30 p.m., Tomolia 1:45 p.m., Murphy 3:00 p.m.

CHARLOTTE, STATESVILLE & TAYLORSVILLE. No. 12. Daily Except Sunday. Lv Charlotte 4:30 p.m., Statesville 5:20 p.m., Davidson 6:30 p.m., Mooresville 7:10 p.m., Statesville 8:15 a.m., Taylorsville 9:00 a.m., Charlotte 9:47 p.m.